

THE BYSTANDER

(Continued from Page 4.)

in delicate phrase, reminds the worshippers that their spiritual counselor is a man like themselves, with the burden of family on his hands and that he is going about doing the Saviour's work without thought of scrip or purse. He has no salary, he asks no largesse, he is content with what God provides, yet, dear brethren, it seems that we ought to show our own gratitude for what he has done for us and speed him on his way with a lightened burden of worldly cares so that he may carry far his gospel message. Ah, me! how the money pours out then into the collection plates! How the tight hand opens! How the bank accounts contract! When it is all over the figures are sent to the bureau, the meetings are left to the pastors to taper off and the propaganda moves on to some other towns where the big churches need the refreshment of giving and receiving.

How much does it all bring in the coin of the realm? Central Union and the other churches here, interested in the present revival, ought to be good for \$3000 at least, which is \$2 or less apiece. Seattle must have done better. The next place may not do quite so well. At any rate, there ought to be, year in and year out, an income of \$1800 a month, pretty well clear of living and traveling expenses, to be divided between a party of three and the bureau. In the village church where I had the honor of being converted at the mature age of fourteen the revivalist got \$1200 for three weeks' work, had his hotel bills paid and sold over four hundred books of his own sermons—good, long sermons, even if they weren't long, good ones. For me, I have to make twenty-four first-class suits of clothes to get \$1200, and I have to charge most of that. So my appreciation of the revival business as a good thing may not be without the moving attribute of envy. I make that confession as being good for the soul.

At the same time, I don't wish to be misunderstood as saying that the Honolulu revivalist has given nothing for something. He has made a lot of people feel better and act better, and he has so increased P. C. Jones's faith in human nature that Mr. Jones is now ready to take up all the undorsed notes of church-goers which Dr. Ostrom may receive and give face value for them, waiting for his pay without interest until the spirit moves the signers. I tell you, if only Sammy Damon and Charley Cooke would do that, the churches would get so crowded that those gentlemen would have to enlarge the buildings at their own expense.

Well, times change and customs change and men change with them. But when I look over the wide field of the church and see the Pope upon his jeweled throne and the Cardinal in red, the Bishop in his purple and the Priest in "stole of snow;" when I hear the preacher in a splendid tabernacle, housed like the rabbis in the day of the Nativity; when I watch the revivalist as the golden stream which is to be his pours into the silver basins, and then see the poor, the lowly, the sinful and the unfortunate still passing by on the other side—into the midst of this strange vision comes the sight of a lonesome figure, clad in one seamless garment, homeless and suffering in the desert and whispering as the tears fall upon the sand: "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has no place to lay his head." Yet the revival He begun has saved billions of souls and is yet working in the hearts of men, though nineteen hundred years have passed.

SMALL TALKS.

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Kelekolie, boy orator and extremely young statesman.

And I don't know what business I had to say it—excepting that it is true. Bernard is about as far out as a native Hawaiian ever gets.

This is the season when the candidate knows that the man who is not for him is against him, and lies awake nights wondering how he can change a condition that is unchangeable.

"It is all right enough," growled Arty Burns, "so long as the native voter does not find out that R. Beverly Kidd eats two-finger poi with a fork. When that discovery is made—well, raw squid won't save him."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Great expectations of a fight at sea

Are held by all the world, save only those
Who fight at sea. The Jap and Russ, maybe,
Expect to fight, likewise. In fighting clothes
At least, each seeks the other to oppose.

Great expectations of a fight at sea!

The list'ning world awaits the cannon's roar;
For Japs and Russians, too, are cruising free
Where yellow waters wash the Chinese shore—
And each cries out for blood, and then for more.

Great expectations of a fight at sea!

Well, it is possible, on some dark day
Togo and Rojestvensky will agree
To meet and fight—but then be sure that they
Will e'en reserve a chance to run away.

He was from Austria. He looked the part, and talked it. And he wandered into the Senate Chamber, where President Isenberg and Clerk Savidge waited alone for the coming of the brethren.

"Is this the Senate Chamber?" he asked.

"It is," answered Savidge.

"And how many are you?"

"Fifteen."

The stranger took a second and a longer look at President Isenberg, reading the morning paper on his table. "Where d'ye put 'em all?" he asked.

Some of the high privates and sergeants and corporals and things in the Signal Corps had their first taste of war in the Mapi expedition to quell the Japanese strikers—and didn't relish it a great deal. The taste was given on the Kinau, going over, when the steward of the boat came up and announced to the High Sheriff and the officers in command of the troops that dinner was ready. The officers started for the dining room, and Fred Angus and Guy Livingston and Sam Walker trailed along. They only got as far as the door. The steward tapped them on the shoulder, one by one, there.

"Oh, no," he whispered. "This is the first table."


It is said that the poi and fish that were served to the rank and file later were excellent poi and fish.

SAM JOHNSON—IN WAR AND PEACE.

Sam Johnson was a Russian bold,
And used to war's alarms;
So, when the Japs riz up, behold!
Sam Johnson flew to arms.

But, when the Japs declared for peace,
With all his might and main
Sam Johnson, bidding warfare cease,
Laid down his arms again.

"Of course," said a friend of mine of observing turn the other day, "these revivals may do a lot of good. If Dr. Ostrom will but awaken the spirit of inquiry, he has accomplished much. Nevertheless, the immediate fruit of the work seems of doubtful value. Now, it so happens that a youth who has taken great interest in the revival just closing came rather particularly under my notice, and as I had an excellent opportunity for observation at close range, I watched him with some interest. That young man seemed carried away with the thing from the start. He sat right under the droppings of the sanctuary, lapping up every drop with hot and eager tongue, and was really one of the most edifying things in the whole show. Why, he even let his hair grow long, that he might look like Ostrom—and in the fond hope, he thought, that he might also presently come to think like him. He grew progressively more and more fervent from day to day, and while I am not sure that he actually professed salvation, he was so enthusiastic in his efforts to get others to come up and profess that he must have done it. Oh, I had great hopes of that young man—until, on last Sabbath morning, I chanced to be by when he experienced a keen personal disappointment. And then he went all



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SOLE AGENTS.

to pieces. His language, in fact, was not only of the earth, earthy. It was of the devil, devilish. And the incident has led me to wonder how much more than skin deep this revival fervor really goes?"

Now, just how much, and just how little good
Is done by play upon our poor emotions?
The wisest men have never understood—
But wicked wights, who think, have cherished notions
That God's ear is not caught by loud devotions.

"It is four hundred feet down to the lava in Halemaumau," said George Lycurgus, newly returned from the volcano. "I let a string down, as I told you that I would."

Think of the temerity of that! This man has measured the depths of hell with a bit of cotton thread!

Doctors who differ from the great alienists on the question of sanity, after they find that the great alienists do not agree with them, remind me something of a lad I used to go to school with. He was a good lad, and clever, but he had an impediment in his spelling about which he was particularly sensitive. And, of course, knowing that he was sensitive upon the point, I used to lay for him with a dictionary, and humiliate him. I did that once too often. He had made a glaring error in his spelling lesson, and I drew Noah Webster on him in the presence of the whole class. Whereupon, he turned and withered me: "Huh!" he said. "I am right, and I don't care what that old fool Webster says. He don't know anything, anyway."

THE REEF SLEEPS.

There, like a monster, crouched within the deep
The brown reef lies. The long waves break and run
Upon its back, as if to stir its sleep;
Still, motionless it lies; and, one by one,
The green seas rise, and break, and are undone.

The monster sleeps. The long waves fall and cry
About its couch. The tide is on the rise.
The reef sleeps on, though surging seas dash high
With loud complaining, and the kona sighs—
And God has writ His wrath upon the skies.

The monster sleeps and waits. Across the sea
A gallant ship sails on toward the isles;
Fast, fast, she sails, the faving gales blow free,
The spirit of the deep her way beguiles—
The sun is shining, and the ocean smiles.

The reef still sleeps and waits. The breaking waves
Mark where it lies, in lines of shining white.
The ship sails fast—and dead men find their graves
Beside the reef that sleeps by day and night—
And sea birds shriek a requiem in their flight.

"No, Algernon," said a fond father of my acquaintance, "the toy that has been shown in a King street shop window during the past week was not Mr. Jack Lucas's Belt Line Railway. It was a chu-chu train for a good child."

SUBTRACTION.

A teacher in a Western public school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. "Now in order to subtract," she explained, "things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs."

A hand went up in the back part of the room.

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—Harper's Weekly.

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COMMERCIAL.

(Continued from Page 4.)

GENERAL ITEMS.

A labor strike on Wailuku plantation ended by the return of the strikers to work on Monday. A strike on Lahaina plantation (Pioneer Mill Co.) came to an end the middle of the week, after several days' occupation of the premises by militia and police. Unfortunately on Saturday night a collision between the police and strikers resulted in the killing of one Japanese laborer and the wounding of two or three others.

The local trustees of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions are suing the Territory of Hawaii to recover a forfeit of \$15,000 in the contract between the "early missionary fathers" and the Government of the Kingdom of Hawaii, whereby the missionaries representing the American Board conveyed the Seminary of Lahainaluna to the Government on condition that the creed of the grantors, together with sound literature and solid science, should be perpetually taught in the institution. Sectarian instruction has long ago been abolished in the Hawaiian public schools and Lahainaluna has lately been equipped with new buildings and become a candidate for receiving the Federal subsidy of \$25,000 a year for a Territorial agricultural college.

Consternation was caused among local building contractors when, on the arrival of a recent mail, it was announced that a large portion of the specifications for twenty-five buildings at the U. S. Army post at Kahauiki had failed to arrive. Bids had been advertised to close here on June 7 and the appropriation for the buildings will lapse on June 30 unless the contracts shall previously have been let. The situation has the appearance of resulting either in no buildings this year or the freezing out of Honolulu contractors. Unless the latter have access to the specifications early this week, it will be next to impossible for them to have their figuring done in time to bid.

F. C. Eaton of Kau district, Hawaii, has had a striking letter in the Advertiser, urging as economic wisdom on the part of both the Government and the sugar planters that opportunities should be given to American capital to cultivate sugar cane for the mills of the large corporations. Up to the end of the week Olua Sugar Co.'s mill had ground about 8000 tons, or one-half of the season's crop. Water having been struck in one artesian well on Olua plantation, a contract has been given to McCandless Bros. to sink another well there. The Territorial treasury has benefited by tax appeals this year to the amount of \$28,717.22. Claus Spreckels, one of the capitalists most strongly identified with Hawaii's progress, has returned to San Francisco after a visit of a few weeks. W. M. Graham has returned from New York, reporting a favorable reception there in his mission to finance a mining concession in China. The latest reports to the U. S. Weather Bureau indicate good weather for the crops generally throughout the group.

Arrivals of ocean steamers for the week have been the transports Warren, Solace and Lawton, all from San Francisco; the Oceanic steamers Sonoma from the Colonies and Sierra from San Francisco, the U. S. S. Bennington from San Francisco and Iroquois from Midway and Ocean Islands, and the A. H. steamer Californian from New York. Departures have been the A. H. steamer Nebraskan for Kahului, the Sonoma for San Francisco, the Warren for Manila, the Sierra for the Colonies and the Solace for Guam.

CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

Lawyer—"Would you believe the sworn testimony of this man?"

Witness—"Certainly not, sir."

Lawyer—"And why not?"

Witness—"Because, sir, that man hates to tell the truth. He always did. We were boys together, and he used to cry when the teacher made him say two and two made four."

Lawyer—"Anything else?"

Witness—"Oh, yes. Once he was ill and described the symptoms so that the doctor prescribed for a sprained ankle when he was suffering from neuralgia in the head."

Lawyer—"That will do."—Tit-Bits.